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## Holt County Sentinel.

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### GUESS.

I love a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no eyes but mine can see;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she.
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as, when to others told,
Awake the sigh or wring the tear!
Then guess, guess who she,
The lady of my love may be.

I find the luster of her brow
Come o'er me in my darkest ways;
And feel as if her voice, e'en now,
Were echoing far off my lays,
There is no scene of joy or woe.
But she doth gild with influence bright;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow,
As makes e'en tears seem full of light;
Then guess, guess who she,
The lady of my love may be.

### SYBIL HAMPTON'S TEST.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"Heih ho!" sighed Sybil Hampton with an air of weariness, "I wish I wasn't rich."

"Most people would think that a singular wish!" said Bertha James, her seamstress.

"Perhaps so, but just look here," said the heiress, tossing a couple of gilt and perfumed billets to her companion, with something like a look of disgust upon her features.

Bertha read them over with a smile.

It is perhaps needless to say that they severally contained proposals for the hand of Sybil, and so far as words went, breathed the most impassioned devotion.

"They seem to be very much in love," said Bertha.

"Seem!" repeated Sybil. "Yes, that is precisely the right word. They must think me very dull of comprehension not to see through their motives. The first letter is from Randolph Percy, who is fathoms deep in debt, so they say, and whose only salvation is in gaining the hand of an heiress. I don't blame him so much, for he is compelled by necessity to propose love for one to whom he is in not the slightest degree attached."

"And the other?" said Bertha, inquiringly.

"The other is from Ralph Harding, who is the most contemptible character, a greedy and avaricious young man. Already rich, he thirsts for more wealth. That I am positive is his only motive for paying his addresses to me. I have a great mind to test this."

"How will you do it?"

"Just wait and see."

Sybil sat down at her desk and rapidly penned the following brief note, which she at once read to Bertha.

Tuesday Morning, Aug. 3d.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your note offering me your hand in marriage. I am sensible that this is the highest compliment a woman can receive, and offer you my grateful acknowledgements. Before giving a serious consideration to your offer, perhaps it is right for me to say that in the event of my marriage with you, I should feel at liberty to give away my whole property to charitable institutions, since your own wealth would be sufficient for us both, and we should have the satisfaction of having made many happy by the surplus. I anticipate no objection from you, but still have thought it right to have a fair understanding upon this point.

Yours truly, Sybil Hampton.

Mr. Ralph Harding.

"There," said Sybil, "the answer will decide whether he loves me for myself alone, as he says in his note."

This note was immediately dispatched, and the answer was impatiently expected.

It came in a few hours, and ran as follows:

My Dear Sybil.—I received your note and read it with the utmost surprise. I am astonished that a young lady of your good sense should entertain so Quixotic a design as that of giving up your property to charitable institutions. I should not object to your giving, say a few hundred dollars, but should certainly, in the event of your giving me an interest in you, decidedly object to your giving anything more. If, therefore, you are fixed in your resolution, I must beg to withdraw my proposal. But I cannot think you are in earnest. I hope you will think better of it, and not erect so cruel a barrier between yourself and your devoted

Ralph Harding.

Sybil's lip curled as she read this

"It's as I thought," she said. "I will at once write Mr. Ralph his letter of dismissal."

This done, Sybil bowed her head on her hands, and seemed for a moment plunged in reverie. Then her eye brightened, and looking up, she said: "Bertha, I have just thought of an excellent plan which promises both pleasure and profit. Will you join me in it?"

"It would be rash to promise without knowing first what it is," was the reply.

"That I can readily tell you. To tell the truth, I am tired of the artificial world I live in—I am tired of figuring as an heiress. Suppose we both go to some country town, hire a little cottage, and propose to live by doing plain sewing.

"Don't you think you would get tired of it?"

"Perhaps so, but you know I could at any time give it up. Come, you can't refuse."

Bertha's consent was easily obtained, and the preliminaris were soon arranged. Sybil's wardrobe being altogether too rich for a seamstress, a supply of calicoes and cheap delains were obtained and made up.

The town of Warrington was selected as the scene of the experiment, and thither we will conduct the reader, after allowing sufficient time for Sybil and her companion to become established.

"Who has taken the little cottage at the end of the street?" asked a large and showy looking woman, as she sipped her coffee.

The speaker was Mrs. Ropes, a lady of some property, and a good deal of consequence in her own estimation.

"La, mother!" exclaimed Angelina Matilda Ropes, "it's only two poor girls—common seamstresses. I saw a sign up in the window yesterday, 'Plain sewing done on reasonable terms.'"

"If they'll work cheap, perhaps we may patronize them a little," said Mrs. Ropes, loftily. "That reminds me that I have a dress about half done. I guess I'll go over and see what they'll charge to finish it."

"I'll go with you," said Angelina. "I want too look round a little and see how they live."

Sybil had hired the cottage already furnished. The furniture was of the plainest kind, and the house itself was little larger than a martin-box. However, as there were only two of them, they were not inconvenienced. Being at some distance from the city in which she made it her home, Sybil was not obliged to change her name.

Sybil had just been surveying herself in the plain calico which could not conceal her rare beauty, and comparing herself to a quakeress, when an authoritative knock was heard at the door.

Notwithstanding Bertha's remonstrances, Sybil sprang to open it herself.

The portly form of Mrs. Ropes met her view.

"I don't know your name, young woman," said Mrs. Ropes, condescendingly, "but I understand that you take in sewing."

"Yes ma'am," said Sybil, humbly. "Won't you walk in?"

Mrs. Ropes stepped into the little sitting-room, followed by Angelina, both having the air of doing vast honor to the little cottage.

"You were asking my name," said Sybil. "I am called Sybil Hampton—my friend here is Bertha James."

"Then you are not sisters?" inquired Angelina.

"No, Miss," said Sybil.

"I am Mrs. Ropes," said the owner of that name, loftily. "My daughter and I will exert our influence in your favor if you suit us and don't charge too much."

"We will try to please you," said Sybil, with the same air of humility which she had kept up hitherto.

"I've brought a dress to be finished. You see some of it is already done. How much will you charge to complete it?"

Sybil turned to Bertha.

"I think it will be worth seventy-five cents," said Bertha, after a moment's examination.

"Seventy-five cents!" retorted Mrs. Ropes, indignantly. "What can you be thinking of, young woman?"

"Do you think it too much?" asked Sybil.

"Too much!" retorted Mrs. Ropes. "Let me tell you, young woman, you'll never get along in this village if you charge such extortionate prices as that. My daughter Angelina Matilda can tell you that it is perfectly monstrous."

"Frightful," exclaimed the young lady appealed to.

"Very well, Mrs. Ropes," said Sybil, "as you are a woman of influence, perhaps we can afford to do it at your own price."

"That's a sensible remark, young woman," said Mrs. Ropes, somewhat appeased. "I'll give you forty-two cents, and I think that's doing well."

"Very well, ma'am," said Sybil, "We will accept your proposal."

"Very good," said Mrs. Ropes, condescendingly. "I may bring you some more work."

"I hope not!" thought Bertha, as the lady swept out. "What made you agree to do it, Sybil?"

"For the amusement of it," said Sybil. "I was delighted with the condescending tone of my lady lofty, and as to the money, you know we don't care for that."

"To be sure, but we shall be flooded with work at such rates, and have to work our fingers to the bone."

"Not at all, Bertha. I've made arrangements by which we can get through with any quantity of work. I shan't touch their dress, nor will you. I shall send it up to the city by express and have it done there. Mrs. Ropes will never know but we did it here."

It was perhaps a week after this occurrence that Angelina Matilda was walking out with a young lawyer, whose heart she was desperately intent upon captivating, when they met Sybil and Bertha on the sidewalk. The latter bowed, but Angelina only stared in return.

"Who are those young ladies?" asked Edwin Graves.

"Young ladies!" tittered Angelina. "They are only poor sewing girls. I'm surprised that they should have had the presumption to bow to me, for all the world as if I was their equal.

"One of them is very beautiful," said the young man with a backward glance.

"I don't agree with you," said Angelina, sharply. "I suppose you mean the one on the right. She looks healthy, that is all you can say for her. She's too fat, and she hasn't any air. But how could she be expected to, when she's only a sewing girl."

Contrasted with the sharp-outlined figure of Angelina, our heroine was certainly plump, but that did not prejudice her in the eyes of Edwin Graves. He conveniently happened to remember that he needed a supply of handkerchiefs, and immediately purchasing half a dozen, proceeded to the cottage, where, with a little embarrassment, he introduced his business.

Demurely enough Sybil consented, nor did she send these up to the city. Of course Edwin Graves had to call for them, and the next day he found another errand to the cottage. In short, he soon became a regular visitor, and not unfrequently walked out with Bertha and Sybil, sometimes with the latter alone.

Angelina watched the intimacy with jealous eyes. She saw the prize slipping from her grasp, and as a last resort wrote an anonymous letter to the young man's uncle, informing him that his nephew was about to throw himself away on an illiterate and artful sewing girl. The uncle, a man of uncertain temper, as well as large property, wrote a peremptory letter to his nephew, commanding him to give up Sybil on pain of disinheritance. This letter reached the young man just as he had come to the conclusion that he was irretrievably in love, and had as might be expected an effect just the reverse of what was intended.

With the letter in his pocket he walked over to the cottage at once, and offered himself in due form.

Sybil toyed with her fan.

"You must be aware, Mr. Graves," she said, "that in a worldly point of view we are not equals. Are you willing to marry a poor sewing girl?"

"What do I care for the world?" said the young man, impetuously. "I love you for yourself. Money has nothing to do with the question. I ought, however, to tell you that I shall have nothing beyond the income from my profession, which is not large. My uncle, who has heard from some busy body of my attention to you, has threatened to disinherit me if I persist. But dearest, if that will not effect your happiness, it will not interfere with mine."

Sybil looked radiant with joy. She put her hand in that of the young man, and said:

"Now I know that you love me for myself alone, you may have me, if you will."

The marriage took place within a short time. There was no formal gathering, only a few friends being present.

But after all was over, Sybil took from a table drawer a small package, which she handed to her husband with these words:

"Edwin, for my sake you have voluntarily resigned the prospect of a fortune. It is my happy privilege to make you the possessor of another. Learn that I am not a seamstress but an heiress, as these documents conveying to you *the sum of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars* will show."

The news spread on the wings of the wind, and Mrs. Ropes and Angelina hastened over to apologize for not having accepted the invitation to the wedding. They were received politely, but so coldly that they did not think it advisable to call again. As for Edwin's uncle, when he came to know our heroine, he revoked all that he had written, and became a warm advocate of his nephew's wife. It is enough to say of Sybil, that she has never regretted the time she spent in the little cottage, and did plain sewing on reasonable terms."

### The Par Value of Brains.

Working as an ordinary hand in a Philadelphia shipyard, until very recently, was a man named John L. Knowlton. His peculiarity was, that while others of his class were at alehouses, or indulging in jollification, he was incessantly engaged in studying upon mechanical combinations. One of his companions secured a poodle dog, and spent six months in teaching the quadruped to execute a jig upon its hind legs. Knowlton spent the same period in discovering some method by which he could saw out ship timber in a beveled form. The first man taught his dog to dance; Knowlton in the same time discovered a mechanical combination that enabled him to do in two hours the work that would occupy a dozen men, by a slow and laborious process, an entire day. That saw is now in use in all the ship yards in the country. It cuts a beam to a curve shape as quickly as an ordinary saw mill saw rips up a straight plank. Knowlton continued his experiments. He took no part in parades or target shootings, and in a short time afterwards he secured a patent for a machine that turns any material whatever into a perfect spherical form. He sold a portion of his patent for a sum that is equivalent to a fortune. The machine is now in operation in this city cleaning off cannon balls for the Government. When the ball comes from the mould its surface is incrusted, and the ordinary process of smothing it was slow and wearisome. This machine almost in an instant, and with mathematical accuracy, peels it to the surface of the metal, at the same time smoothing out any deviations from a perfect spheroidal form. Within a few days the same plain, unassuming man has invented a boring machine that was tested in the presence of a number of scientific gentlemen a few days ago. It bored at the rate of twenty-two inches an hour, through a block of granite, with a pressure of but three hundred pounds upon the drill.

A gentleman present offered him ten thousand dollars upon the spot for a part interest in the invention in Europe, and the offer was immediately accepted. The moral of all this is, that people who keep on studying are sure to achieve something. Mr. Knowlton doesn't consider himself by any means brilliant, but if once inspired with an idea he pursues it until he forces it into tangible shape. If everybody would follow copy, the world would be less filled with idlers, and the streets with grumblers and malcontents.—[Philadelphia N. American.

A writer says: "The absence, among many men, of the tender benevolence of home, their disregard of their sacred duty as the heads of households to shed sunlight upon the hearts of wives and children, to give smiles instead of frowns or glooms, pleasant and loving words instead of cross ones, to learn to talk intelligently and freely with their families when at home and surrounded by them, instead of shutting themselves up in frigid, stupid, stolid, surly silence, is undeniable. It is equally reprehensible and contemptible, whether it springs from laziness, or fear of ridicule, or false pride. That man will exert the widest and best influence on all around him, as a citizen and as a neighbor, and be most respected indoors and out-doors, who is not too lazy, or too cowardly, or too proud to be courteous and agreeable to society, and to show himself considerate and tender to his family.

### A Short Love Story.

Here is a story by one Morgan, a sea captain, concerning the choice of a husband at sea, which may afford a profitable hint to young ladies.

Single ladies often cross the water under the especial care of the captain of the ship, and if above affair occurs among the passengers, the captain is usually the confidant of one or both parties. A very fascinating young lady had been placed under Morgan's care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She asked the captain's advice. "Come on deck," he said, "the first day it is perfectly calm, the gentlemen, of course, will all be near you. I will have a boat quietly lowered down, and do you jump overboard, and see which of the gentlemen will jump after you. I will take care of you."

A calm soon came, the captain's suggestions were followed, and two of the lovers, jumped after the lady at the instant. But between them the young lady could not decide, so exactly had been their devotion. She again consulted the captain. "Take the man that didn't jump—he's the most sensible fellow, and will make the best husban."

### The Art of Thinking.

To think clearly is among the first requirements of a public teacher. The faculty may be improved, like other faculties of the mind and body. One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking is to think over some subject before you read upon it, and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid, in what you have exceeded, and by this process you will sensibly catch a great manner of viewing questions. It is right to study, not only think, but from time to time to review what has passed; to dwell upon it, an to see what trains of thought voluntarily presented themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit of some minds to refer all the particular truths that strike them, to other truths more general; so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and that the general truth at any time suggests the particular exemplification at once leads to the general truth. This kind of an understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another without the least attempt at classification and arrangement.—*Sidney Smith.*

Home Courtesies.—"I am one of those," says a late writer, "whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart aches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home circles. "Not so much the lack of love, as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this remark! Not over three or four happy families in twenty, and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the small, sweet courtesies of life, what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

Girls do you want to get married, and get good husbands? If so, cease to act like fools. Don't take pride in saying you never do housework, never cooked a pair of chickens, never made a bed, and so on. Don't turn up your pretty noses at honest industry; never tell your friends that you are not obliged to work. When you go shopping, never take your mother with you to carry the bundle.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers on the road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

He is truly great, who is great in charity. He is truly great, who is little in his own eyes, and makes no account of the height of honor.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*